

FALL OF JERICO—GERMANS SWEEP ON IN RUSSIA

The Daily Mirror

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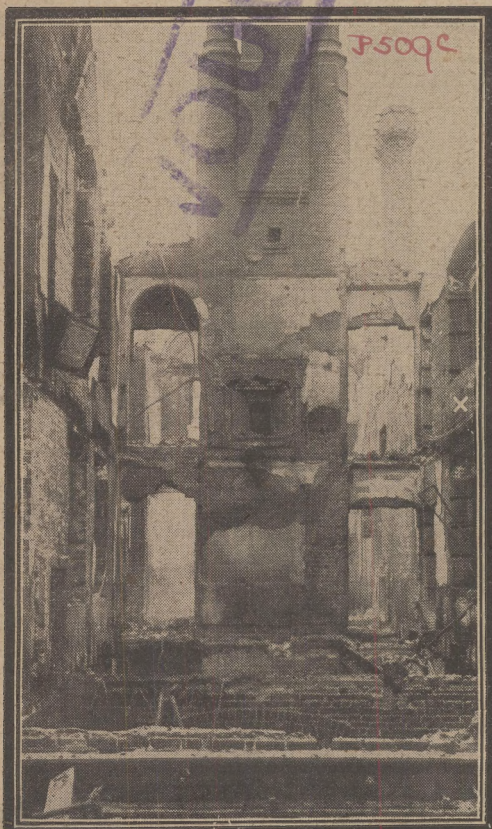
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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1918

One Penny.

COUNTESS ESCAPES FROM BURNING HOUSE IN NIGHT ATTIRE

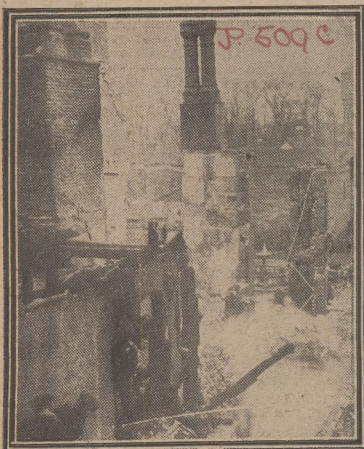


The Earl of Warwick.

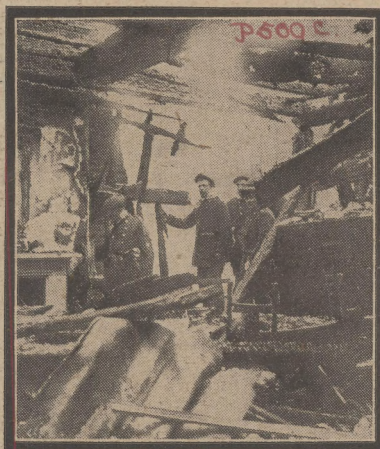


The Countess of Warwick.

The above photograph shows the bedroom of the Countess of Warwick (x), from which she escaped in her night attire. A safe in the wall remained intact.



Firemen playing on the flames.



A corner of the nursery at Easton Lodge.

Easton Lodge, Dunmow, the residence of the Earl and Countess of Warwick, has been partially destroyed by fire.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



A general view of Easton Lodge. Much of it was saved.

JERICO IN BRITISH HANDS.



A general view of Jericho. Inset, General Allenby.



A Red Cross ambulance moving through a gully in Palestine.

The news has been received that Jericho has been captured by the forces of General Sir E. H. H. Allenby, and that the British cavalry are now on the banks of the Jordan.

GERMAN RED CROSS INFAMIES.

Women's Vile Treatment of Our Wounded Heroes.

'NOTHING FOR YOU SWINE.'

"The Red Cross women treated them vilely. They came to the carriage windows with coffee and sandwiches, showed them these things, and took them away without giving them anything."

This is the deliberate statement of Captain Browne, R.A.M.C., to the Government Committee on the treatment of our heroes by the Germans.

"Throughout the period under consideration (August-December, 1914) there is hardly a single mention of any English prisoner, however severely wounded, receiving medical care from the enemy during journeys which habitually lasted for several days," states the report.

"At every station would be found an elaborate installation with food and drink and materials for medical aid, presided over by women wearing the Red Cross."

"Consistently they refused anything whatever to the English, however desperate their needs. When asked by a wounded officer for a glass of water one of these ladies laughed and said: 'Nothing for you English.' They would show food to the starving prisoners and then remove it, calling the attention of the crowd and observing that it was 'not for swine.'"

Here are some illuminating illustrations of German Kultur taken from the report:

Beaten with Crutches.—At Mons Station men with walking sticks had these snatched from them and were beaten with them. Very many men with crutches had these kicked from under

MATTERS OF MOMENT.

The following brilliant articles will appear in to-morrow's *Sunday Pictorial*:

DIG, DIG, DIG.—A powerful appeal by Mr. Horatio Bottomley.

GRAVE MENACE OF THE UKRAINE PEACE.—By Sir Sidney Low, M.A.

WHERE THERE ARE NO WAR WORRIES.—By Louis J. McQuillan.

THE "CAMOUFLAGE" ENGAGEMENT.

Why Some Marriages Are Failures.—By Philip Urquhart.

their arms, and when patients fell the crutches were used to beat them with.—Sergeant R. Gilling, Scots Greys.

Flung Water at Him.—At daylight on December 25 we got a slice of black bread each and a bucket of water was put into the van. We were stopping at a station, and a woman put the bucket in. She filled a cup from it, and one of the men put out his hand to take it, and she flung the water into his face and swore at him.

Private W. Sedley, Highland Light Infantry. Begged for Water.—On arrival at Courtrai we were placed in cattle trucks, sixty in a truck, in which we spent three days and nights travelling to our destination, which was Göttingen, Hanover. We were thirty-six hours before we had anything to eat, then the door was opened and a few pieces of bread were thrown in to us like dogs. We begged for water, but none was given to us till twelve hours later.—Lieutenant J. J. Russell, Royal Sussex.

THE KING AND SICK CHILD

Touching Incident in London Schoolroom—Poor Little Mite.

The King's solicitude for school children was strikingly shown when he and the Queen visited the London County Council schools at Winchester-street, Pentonville-road, yesterday.

In the infants' nursery class the King noticed a little girl fast asleep at her desk. When informed that the child had been ill, His Majesty, putting his hand kindly on her head, said, "Poor little mite, she seems very tired."

TELL-TALE PHOTOS.

Cornfield Snapshots That Had Divorce Court Sequel.

In the Divorce Court yesterday Mr. Justice Horridge granted a decree nisi with costs to Mr. Walter Frederick Pankhurst on the ground of the misconduct of his wife with the co-respondent, Mr. Edward Le Clezio.

In 1913 the wife had joined the Beecham Opera Company. She began to neglect her home and in company. In August, 1916, when she wanted to "visit some friends" at Westward Ho, petitioner made no objection.

In August, 1917, respondent again went to Westward Ho, and her husband discovered two photographs—one of a man and respondent taken in a cornfield and another taken on a gate. Inquiries showed that respondent had stayed at the Bath Hotel, Westward Ho, where co-respondent had also stayed. Respondent had passed under her professional name of Eyre.

In the hotel register, produced in court, the co-respondent had written, "Veni, vidi, amavi." ("I came, I saw, I loved.")

SIX TO ONE AIR FIGHT

British Hero's Thrilling Battle with Huns.

DRAMA OF LAST FOUR SHOTS.

Many stirring stories of fights in the air are told in last night's supplement to the *London Gazette*.

One of the principal heroes in these exciting combats is Flight Sub-Lieutenant W. L. Jordan, R.N.A.S., who has been awarded the D.S.O. for his courage and initiative.

On July 13, 1917, with another pilot, he attacked an enemy two-seater machine, and after bursts of fire from both our machines, the enemy observer collapsed and the aircraft was last seen disappearing among some houses.

On December 6, 1917, while patrolling at 15,000ft. he saw a two-seater enemy aircraft at 10,000ft., dived on him, fired thirty rounds, and after falling overboard, left the enemy aircraft went down vertically. Other thrilling stories include—

Flight-Lieutenant (acting Flight-Commander) N. M. Macgregor, R.N.A.S. (D.S.O.).

On December 12, 1917, while leading his flight on an offensive sweep, he encountered a body of six Albatross scouts at 14,000ft., attacked a scout and drove it down.

Flight-Lieutenant (now Flight-Commander) A. M. Waistell, R.N.A.S. (D.S.O.).

For the determination and pluck in carrying out a bombing raid on Chanak on the night of October 12, 1917, he returned to his base on the side of a mountain, the machine catching fire on crashing. Although severely injured he was able to climb out of the machine, and eventually reached the aerodrome.

Honours, decorations and medals to officers and men for services in action with enemy submarines are also announced.

MORE SUMMER TIME.

Extension to Enable Work To Be Done on Allotments.

The Home Secretary has announced in the House of Commons that summer time will be brought into force this year on the morning of Sunday, March 24, and will continue until the night of Sunday, September 29.

This is a somewhat longer period than last year, when summer time began on the second Sunday in April and ended on the third Sunday in September.

The Home Secretary, in coming to a decision, has had to take into consideration the exceptional circumstances of the present year. The objects are to—

Enable more work to be done on allotments. Save gas and electricity. Ensure that workers shall get home earlier.

It is considered desirable that the many thousands of workers in London, particularly women and girls, should get to their homes before darkness falls, especially during the periods when air raids are likely.

WAR COUNCIL'S TASK.

Sir Gordon Hewart on Secure Position of the Government.

Sir Gordon Hewart, Solicitor-General, addressing the Leicester Liberal Association meeting yesterday, said the position of the Government was never more secure than at the present. Much had been said during the past few days of the arrangements recently made with regard to the War Council at Versailles.

It was quite clear that body had been entrusted with a strictly necessary task which could not be performed elsewhere, and which involved no discouragement to any officer, however eminent, at the War Office.

"TEA IS FOOD."

Lord Rhonda's View of Interesting Hoarding Problem.

Mr. Clynnes, in a written answer, states that tea is brought within the powers of the Food Controller under the Defence of the Realm Act Regulations, and in the view of Lord Rhonda, is to be regarded as an article of food.

Goods bought before April 9, 1917, are excluded from the provisions of the Food Hoarding Order so long as further supplies of the same are not acquired after that date.

Dearer Oatmeal.—The Food Controller announces that the maximum retail prices of oatmeal, rolled oats, flaked oats, and other like products, are increased by 1d. per lb. Ireland is exempted from the increase.

TO BEAT HUN JEWELLERS.

An exhibition of Jewellery, which is to be sent to South America with the object of capturing some of the German trade there, was opened at the Grosvenor Hotel, yesterday. Seventy-two Birmingham and sixteen London firms are represented.

SCOTS' MINERS' NO TO GOVERNMENT

By a large majority the Scottish Miners' Conference at Glasgow yesterday decided not to provide more men under the Government man-power proposals.

FACING WAR FACTS.

Labour Conference Meets "Because British Navy Holds the Sea."

THE LESSON FROM RUSSIA.

"We must not forget that if we are able to assemble here it is because the British Navy holds the seas and the millions of Allied soldiers maintain the line. If the German offensive were to succeed the resolutions we pass would be mere 'scrapes of paper.'"

So said Mr. Vandervelde, who presided at the resumed conference of the Labour and Socialist parties in the Allied countries at the Central Hall, Westminster, yesterday.

"We cannot ignore what the Bolsheviks have done to discredit their own country," said Mr. Vandervelde.

"The great lesson is," he added, "that democracy is committing an irretrievable mistake by Germany with its arms before imperialism has been defeated."

The majority in the Belgian Labour Party, he continued, said that until the German Socialists definitely declared that they were ready to bring pressure on their Government to agree to conditions of a democratic peace they thought that an international conference would be practically impossible and morally futile.

Germany was surrounded by none but democracies, free peoples who were fighting to resist imperialism, to maintain freedom and the spirit and forms of democratic government.

The British Workers' League yesterday sent a telegram to Mr. Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labour, thanking him for his "splendid stand against involvement into Bolshevism and surrender conference now sitting in London."

CARING FOR THE BABIES.

Help for Maternity Homes That Deal with Difficult Problem.

Mr. Hayes Fisher, President of the Local Government Board, in replying to a deputation from the Associated Societies for the Care and Maintenance of Infants, on the problem of how to deal with unmarried mothers and their infants, said his view was that maternity and child welfare schemes should be available equally for married and unmarried mothers, and for legitimate and illegitimate children.

The Local Government Board already had authority to pay grants for maternity homes established and aided by local authorities, and they hoped soon to be able to extend them to homes for children whose mothers could not look after them properly, and also to creches, etc. He recognised the importance of keeping the mother and child together.

PEER'S HOME IN FLAMES.

Earl and Countess of Warwick's Escape at Essex Seat.

Easton Lodge, Dunnun, the Essex residence of the Earl and Countess of Warwick, was partially destroyed by fire in the early hours of yesterday morning.

The fire was discovered by a maid. The major portion of the mansion, which was built on the site of the Tudor building destroyed

\$50,000 AIR RAID INSURANCE.

The *Sunday Pictorial* has established a Fund of £50,000 for the Free Air Raid Insurance of its readers and their families. For full details of this great scheme see To-morrow's *Sunday Pictorial*.

seventy years ago by fire, was saved, but the whole of the remaining block and the new wing in which the countess slept were totally destroyed.

Lady Warwick was in bed at the time of the alarm, and, hastily dressing, she escaped from the burning room by an emergency staircase.

A PROMISE TO THE PRINCE

Offer to Teach Him Welsh—Amusing Incident in Tour.

The Prince of Wales concluded his tour in South Wales yesterday, when he paid a series of visits to important works and to the docks.

At Dowlais Iron and Steel Works the Prince saw a cast poured from a 160-ton steel furnace. At the Great Western Railway the Prince was introduced to Mr. David Williams, an old Scot-Yard man, who promised him that he should return to South Wales he would teach him the Welsh language.

"THAT" BEFORE THE TRIBUNAL.

The musical composer and variety performer, Mr. J. W. Tate, forty-two, applied for exemption at the Panzer Tribunal. He is the husband of Miss Clarice Mayne, and she refers to him usually as "That."

A Member of the Tribunal: What is your stage value, apart from your wife, Miss Clarice Mayne?

Applicant: Possibly nothing. I have little value in any direction apart from my wife. The application was refused.

"NO EARLY PEACE—STERN TIME AHEAD."

Lord Derby Says—"Steel Your Hearts."

WHY VICTORY IS SURE.

"I can hold out no prospect of an early peace. We have a stern time in front of us and we must steel our hearts to bear hardships at home."

Thus spoke Lord Derby, War Minister, at Liverpool last night.

The defection of Russia, he went on, made one anxious for the future, but he was absolutely optimistic about the final result. He urged them not to be rattled if our troops were pushed back here and there.

Dealing with the resignation of Sir William Robertson, Lord Derby said:—

It was a parting which it was very hard for me to make

"DID ALL I COULD."

I did all I could to bring into harmony the views of the Government and the views of Sir William Robertson, and my reason for placing my services, for what they are worth, in the hands of the Prime Minister was not because I disagreed with the Government, but because I had espoused Sir William Robertson's cause so strongly that I felt they might have some reluctance in keeping me in office.

I am not in the least ashamed of the part I have played. "Blessed is the peacemaker," it is said, but the peacemaker's lot is very much the lot of the policeman who interferes between two men fighting each other, and generally gets both of them giving him blows instead.

The papers were good enough to say that he had resigned. Well, he hadn't. Although nobody could think that office was a delectable place at the present time, there was only one inclination to resignation, and that was that he could come down to his own home and to the town and county he loved so much.

A Victorious End.—Mr. Balfour, in a speech to the American Officers' Club last night, said:—Of one thing he had no doubt whatsoever, that no matter who fell out of the struggle, the incoming of America would bring this war to a victorious end.

Decision at Sea.—Vice-Admiral W. Sims said: It seems this war is going to be decided by sea power. Russia has gone out. If Italy is forced off the map and gallant France is overrun, there remains Great Britain, her Colonies and ourselves, and that is a combination which cannot be beaten.

A Tower of Strength.—Mr. Birrell at North Bristol last night said: President Wilson, our great Ally, was a tower of strength and an arsenal of clean weapons.

AIRSHIP BLOWS UP.

Disaster to French Dirigible Owing to Collision with Cliff.

PARIS, Friday.—The Temps announces that a French dirigible, while scouting over the Channel, off Saint Adresse, near Havre, on Wednesday morning had an accident with her rudder and collided with the cliff at Heve.

A violent explosion followed, and Commandant Fleury, the captain of the dirigible, and another man were killed on the spot, while the quarter-master was thrown to the ground and had his right arm broken.

Owing to the collision the bombs on board the dirigible exploded, and wounded a number of persons who had been on the scene. The dirigible was entirely destroyed.—Reuter.

NEWS ITEMS.

Dearer "Tube" Fares.—Lord Farrer, at yesterday's meeting of the London Electric Railway Board, proposed that fares be raised.

Prisoners from Ruhlben.—Fifty-three civilian prisoners of war of British and other nationalities have arrived in Holland, says Reuter.

Nuns Killed in Raid.—ROSE, Friday.—The latest aerial bombardment of Antwerp has resulted in the death of six nuns, including four old women engaged in tending the sick.—Central News.

Paper Shortage.—Lord Burnham last night said that the importance of paper-making materials would probably have to suffer further restrictions, and the effect would be felt, not only by newspapers, but by all forms of literature.

TO-DAY'S BOXING.

At the Ring, Blackfriars, to-night Bob Bland, of Greenwich, and Jim Wren, of Epsom, in fifteen rounds. Colour-Sergeant Harry Curzon and Sergeant Bill Cockayne will meet in "Biffen Road's" bout at the Central Hotel, Derby, to-night.

At Kingston Palace in Fifteen Rounds and Merry Stienburg will meet in a return contest over fifteen rounds.

TERRY MCGOVERN DEAD.

NEW YORK, Friday.—The death is reported here of Terry McGovern, a former featherweight champion.—Reuter.

Note.—McGovern in 1899 defeated Pedlar Palmer for the world's bantamweight title, but he subsequently claimed the featherweight title after Jimmy Barry retired. He was a native of New York, and had been beaten by Jim Driscoll, was generally recognised as the follower of Barry.

JERICHO CAPTURED GERMAN DRIVE INTO RUSSIA

Australian Troops Enter Village—Our Cavalry on the Banks of Jordan.

BOLSHEVIKS TO DEFEND PETROGRAD.

Big Enemy Raid on Two of Our Posts Near Ypres—Roulers Railway—French Front Gunfire.

Fall of Jericho.—General Allenby's troops have taken Jericho in their new Palestine push.

The Russian Drama.—The Germans are still sweeping on along the whole Russian front. They claim that an Estonian regiment has joined them, and in the south they have joined hands with Ukraine forces and are 120 miles from Kieff. Meanwhile Lenin and Trotsky, in frenzied words, are ordering "a defence to the death." The Russian Navy is in a hopeless condition and may be lost.

HOW THE BRITISH TROOPS ENTERED JERICHO.

Australians' Early Morning Ride Into Historic "City."

WHAT ITS CAPTURE MEANS.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

On the morning of February 21, after an uneventful night, our forces operating east of Jerusalem resumed their advance towards Jericho.

Little opposition was encountered, and at 8.20 a.m. Australian mounted troops entered the village, subsequently establishing themselves on the line of the Jordan and the Wadi Ajlun. The weather continues bad, with mist and heavy rain.

Our casualties in the fighting of February 20 were again slight. Forty-six Turkish prisoners were taken between February 19 and 21.

North and north-west of Jerusalem our advanced positions were slightly extended.

THE CAPTURED "CITY."
The capture of Jericho adds another and a considerable success to the lengthening list of victories standing to the credit of General Allenby's troops.

The exertions which the rapid advance, following upon the downfall of Gaza and Beer-sheba, entailed upon our forces necessitated a rest and further co-ordination before the troops could be prepared for the difficulties of advancing continuously from Jerusalem through the mountainous country which extends on every side to the north of the Holy City.

The prestige of the Turks has been subjected to a series of severe shocks, and unless they are far more disorganised than we have any reason to hope, neither they nor their German allies are likely to fall in opposing to our advance formidable reinforcements.

The capture of Jericho is therefore of the greatest military importance, in that it ensures to us a commanding position at the head of the comparatively level ground parallel to the Jordan Valley.

At one time a flourishing city, Jericho has suffered, like most of the other places which have fallen under the blighting influence of Turkish rule.

WHAT THE TURKS SAY.

TURKISH OFFICIAL.

Yesterday our left wing was attacked on a wider front. The only result of this attack was that our first lines of defence at Rammon and Tel-es-Suan were withdrawn to our main positions, and this enemy succeeded in occupying a height with a brigade of armoured cars. Otherwise the attack was everywhere repulsed.

At Sulvia a British armoured car brigade suffered such heavy losses during an attack that it was obliged to retreat.

The enemy's cavalry, which tried to advance from Marsha to Ras Fesha, towards the Dead Sea, was thrown back on Kastellion.

A renewal of the enemy's attacks is anticipated.

LONDON—ROME FLIGHT.

Rome, Thursday.—A British military aeroplane arrived this afternoon, having flown from London to Rome. Stops were made at Paris, Lyons, Marseilles and Pisa.

The occupants were two officers named Leslie and Hatch (?).—Central News.

SCOTS' MINERS' DECISION.

By a large majority the Scottish Miners' Conference at Glasgow yesterday decided not to provide more men under the Government manpower proposals.

ENEMY RAID TWO BRITISH POSTS NEAR YPRES.

"A Few of Our Men Are Missing"—Belgians Smash an Attack.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

9.53 A.M.—Early last night a large party of the enemy raided two of our posts in the neighbourhood of the Ypres-Roulers Railway. A few of our men are missing.

A raid attempted by the enemy early yesterday morning against posts held by Belgian troops in the Mechem sector was repulsed by artillery and machine gun fire.

FRENCH OFFICIAL.

Friday Afternoon.—Fairly lively artillery duels have taken place along the whole front, but principally in the regions of the forest of Pinon Chevroux and Calonne, the Butte du Messin, Hartmannswillerkopf and La Doller.

There was no infantry action.—Reuter.

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

Friday Afternoon.—On isolated sectors there has been artillery and trench mortar action and minor reconnoitring engagements, have taken place.

On the Ypres-Roulers railway an English out-post was taken by surprise and captured.

BRITISH LINE EXTENDED.

The *Matin* announces that the appreciable extension of the British front in France has, as a first result, rendered a number of French divisions available for useful work elsewhere, says a Central News Paris message.

Either from ignorance or inability to act, says the paper, the enemy did nothing to disturb the complicated relief operations, which were effected in perfect silence, without anything of the enormous work being carried out transpiring.

HUN RECRUITS MUTINY.

AMSTERDAM, Thursday (received yesterday).—A frontier correspondent reports that at the Beverloo Camp, where the German recruits are drilled for the front, the officers on February 17 announced to the recruits after the morning drill that they would leave for Flanders next day, and ordered them to sing "Die Wacht am Rhein" and other national songs.

The soldiers refused, whereupon one officer, irritated at the refusal, drew his sword and attacked one of the recruits.

He was instantly shot by some of the other soldiers. All the soldiers who were suspected of having taken part in the affair were court-martialled, sentenced to death and shot the same day.—Exchange.

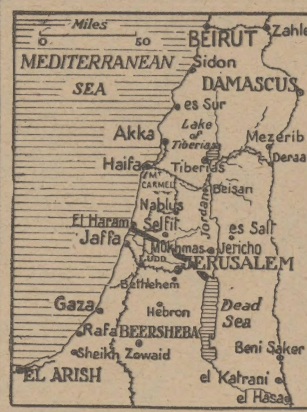
U.S. FOOD PUSH RESULTS.

The downward curve of ocean ship tonnage available for America and the Allies reached the lowest point about February 1, owing to submarine sinkings. The curve is now upward, and Government officials predict a steady climb, with an increasing gain of new ship production and an acquiescent of tonnage over the amount destroyed, says a Washington telegram.

The United States plan to construct 4,000,000 tons of shipping this year is also progressing favourably.

The railroads report that 222 car-loads of food for the Allies, chiefly wheat and flour, have left Chicago and St. Louis for Atlantic ports. One thousand and thirty-nine car-loads of food for the Allies are in transit eastward in thirty-one special freight trains.

Mr. McAdoo, Secretary to the Treasury, has informed Lord Reading, the British Ambassador, that six food trains will leave Chicago daily for the east during next month.



FRENCH FLYERS' AMAZING BRAVERY AND ENDURANCE.

Carried On with Foot Shot Away—Fight with Fokker.

Two of the most thrilling exploits of the French Air Service are told in a dispatch from Mr. Henry Wood, special correspondent with the French armies.

Early in October, 1915, Lieutenant D'Amecourt and Machine-Gunner Weiler were attacked over the German lines by a fast-flying Fokker.

Their machine being old and cumbersome, the Fokker rapidly climbed above it and sent down a hail of bullets. Then the German aviator came down level with his antagonists to see the damage he had done.

Finding the Frenchmen fighting gamely, although their machine was riddled with bullets, he made a gesture as much as to say "I'll get you this time," and reascended to send down another shower of bullets.

Time after time the Boche returned to riddle the French machine with the same contemptuous gesture, and at last succeeded in shooting the machine gun off its tripod.

DOWNED WITH LAST SHOT.
Without hesitation, Weiler picked up the gun and, placing it on the shoulders of D'Amecourt in the pilot's seat, yelled: "Steer straight at the Boche; I have only four shots left."

Straight the Boche D'Amecourt steered, and at close range Weiler fired his last shots, one of which brought the Hun to the ground.

The second story is that of a corporal and a gunner, who were attacked by a Fokker while observing for the French artillery.

The corporal, who was acting as pilot, had his left foot severed by a machine gun bullet.

Mastering the pain, he seized the copper ring of a "55" shell and twisted it on to the stump of his leg to stop the bleeding.

Then finding his severed foot had fallen into the steering gear, he picked it up and chucked it to the observer, saying: "Keep this for me, it's in the way here."

For twenty-five minutes he continued to fly, until his half an hour's observation service was over, then only did he return to his base.

OUR AIR BAG IN ITALY.

General Plumer reports that since the British force arrived in Italy our Flying Corps have destroyed fifty-eight hostile machines, principally German, while we have only lost eight.

ITALIAN OFFICIAL.

Friday.—Our batteries carried out concentration fire on enemy troops near Roza and on the north-western slope of Monte Grappa and energetically countered the enemy artillery in the Val Frenzella-Val Brenta sector.

Enemy artillery was more active on the south-eastern slopes of Monello.

A British patrol had an encounter with an important group of the enemy on the right bank of the Piave.

Our patrols, having advanced as far as the islet of Felina, brought back two enemy machine guns.

British squadrons bombed the air grounds north and south of Oderzo Portogruaro railway.

HOW INNSBRUCK WAS BOMBED.
AMSTERDAM, Thursday (received yesterday).—The Austrian version of the Italian air raid on Innsbruck yesterday is contained in the following telegram from Innsbruck.

Three enemy machines and three bombing machines flew over Innsbruck yesterday afternoon and dropped about eight light bombs. Damage was done to various parts of the town. One woman was killed and two persons were badly injured, whilst several others were only slightly injured. The battleplane descended to an altitude of about 900ft.—Reuter.

FRANTIC APPEAL TO SAVE PETROGRAD.

Lenin and Trotsky Order "a Defence to the Death."

HUNS TAKE MINSK.

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

Progress has been made in assisting the Ukraine in her struggle for freedom.

At Novograd Volynsk we came into touch with Ukrainian detachments.

Other columns are marching on Dubno.

Army Group of Von Eichhorn.—In Esthonia Hapsal has been captured. The 1st Esthonian Regiment has placed itself at the disposal of the German command.

In Livonia our columns have pressed on beyond Roonenburg, Wolmar and Spandau.

Our troops marched into Riezita amidst the rejoicing of the inhabitants. Thence they pushed on to Luvin.

Minsk has been occupied.

A DELATED "APPEAL."
PETROGRAD, Friday.—Lenin and Trotsky have decided to defend the country and, in ordering energetic measures, have issued an appeal in which they say:

The Socialist Fatherland is in danger. The German Government is refusing peace and carrying out the wishes of the capitalists of all countries. German militarism wishes to smother the working classes, to give back land to the landowners, factories and workshops to bankers, and power to the Monarchy.

The duty of the Russian workmen and peasants is defence to the death of the Soviet Republic against the bourgeoisie and the German Imperialists.

It is therefore ordered that:—

All the forces of the country, the Soviets and revolutionary organisations to defend the revolution and each position to the last drop of their blood.

Enemy to be checked from profiting by lines of communication equipment, and in retreating railways and stations, etc., to be destroyed.

Battalions to be raised to dig trenches. Men and women of bourgeoisie to join these or be shot.

Foreign agents, speculators, looters, counter-revolutionary agitators to be shot on sight.

Other proclamations have been issued lamenting that the German working class in this threatening hour showed itself insufficiently determined to stay the criminal hand of its own militarism.—Reuter.

"CRITICAL SITUATION."

PETROGRAD, Thursday (received to-day).—The situation on the northern front is reported to be critical. The retirement is complicated by the fall of Reshita and the fact that the Fifth Army is barring the road and encumbering it in disorderly retreat.

Pending a German reply to Trotsky's peace offer, the commander of the western front has ordered the retiring armies to avoid fighting with the enemy and to destroy their ammunition cases to prevent them from falling into the enemy's hands.—Exchange.

The Kaiser to the Rescue!—AMSTERDAM, Thursday (received yesterday).—The Kaiser has received a message from the Lubock Senate, pointing out how essential it is that assistance should be sent to the people of Esthonia. In reply the Kaiser has said:

This desperate cry for help must not remain unanswered. Rigorous measures will be taken to protect the afflicted population against gangs of marauders and to put an end to this situation of complete anarchy.—Central News.

PEACE COURIER FOR BERLIN.

COPENHAGEN, Friday.—A message from Berlin states that a courier bearing the announced communication from M.M. Lenin and Trotsky has passed the German lines and will reach Berlin in due course.

The *Vossische Zeitung* states that the opening of new peace negotiations with Russia will depend on whether Russia agrees beforehand completely to evacuate Livonia and Esthonia, to liberate all German captives in captivity in Russia, to recognise Finland's independence, and the peace with the Ukraine, and completely to evacuate the territory of these two States.—Exchange.

TRAGEDY OF RUSSIAN FLEET.

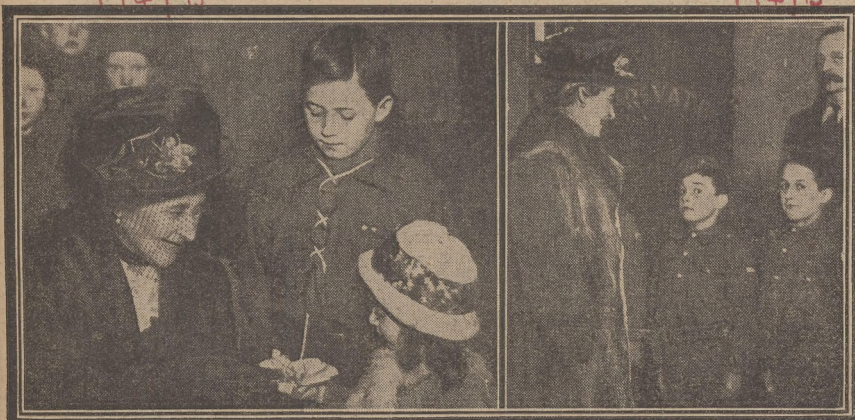
PETROGRAD, Thursday (received yesterday).—The Russian navy has been given up hope of any active operations on the part of the Russian naval forces owing to the unlikelihood of any order from the highest authorities being executed.

The situation at Revel is most tragic. The authorities report that in order to save the Navy it is necessary to remove the vessels from Revel and Helsingfors into Kronstadt.

This, however, is impossible owing to the ice. Up to now only submarines have been removed.

The question arose of whether to destroy the vessels stationed at Helsingfors. Another means suggested of saving the vessels is their internment on the shores of Finland as a free neutral State, an order having been made acknowledging Finnish neutrality.—Exchange.

THE PRINCESS AND SOLDIERS' CHILDREN.



Princess Louise paid a visit to an entertainment organised by the Kitchener of Khartoum Empire Association on behalf of children between seven and fourteen whose fathers are fighting or have lost their lives.

TOBACCO FOR TROOPS.



General Pétain distributing tobacco and other gifts to the soldiers on the French front.

YESTERDAY'S MILITARY WEDDING.



Captain W. H. Alderton, R.A.M.C., and Miss Joyce Jarvis were married yesterday at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane-square. The bridal couple leaving the church.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

EARL'S ESSEX MANSION ON FIRE.



Easton Lodge, the Earl of Warwick's Essex house, was attacked by fire yesterday morning, and one wing—it is that on the left of the photograph—was gutted. The house is one of the most picturesque mansions in the county.

THE "CORNFLOWERS" AND THE CORN.



The "cornflowers" are now at work. They are girls who have sworn in as members of the Forage Corps, and are doing valuable work in garnering corn and preparing it for Army use.

IN THE



Lieut. C. E. Tower, R.F.A., awarded the M.C. He was formerly an Eton and Cambridge University sportsman, and a keen swimmer.



Miss Mayhew, of Brighton, awarded the "Monsieur" in recognition of good work during the great retreat from Mons.



Flight Lieut. Pennington, who was fortunately saved by a destroyer in the Mediterranean after his ship was sunk.



Sergt. A. O. English, Gloucester Regiment, Military Medal with bar, who is now a prisoner of war in Germany.

THE DIVI



The President of the Rada addressing a crowd.



Two soldiers of the Ukrainian army.

The headquarters of the Ukrainian army came into power, the Ukraine, which to their rule. The people have formed the Bolshevik force.

"THE CHIEF."



Lieutenant Onondyeh Loft, Canadian Forestry Corps, Chief of the Six Nations tribe of Indians of Ontario, was received by the King yesterday.

DOM.

NEWS.

'TOO MUCH MONEY' PRODUCED AT GLASGOW



Lieut. Alastair Forbes-Menzies, of the 17th Royal Fusiliers, who has been awarded the Distinguished Service Order.



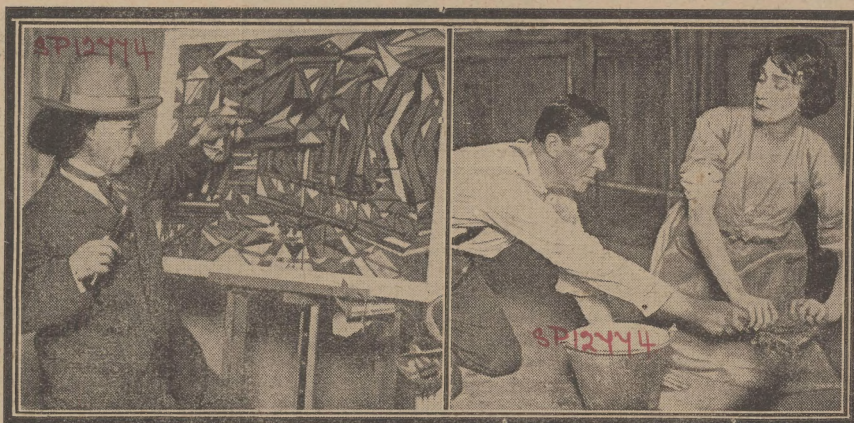
A well-known worker, Mrs. J. Porter, wife of Major Porter, of Toronto, has frequently given her services in aid of charities.



Pte. E. Archer Selby, a Wesleyan preacher, who joined up early in 1915, has been "mentioned" for his services.



The Hon. Mrs. H. C. O'C. Frisbie, who is taking part in a theatrical performance at Winchester for prisoners of war.



Mr. Israel Zangwill's new play, "Too Much Money," was produced at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, with Miss Lillah McCarthy in the leading part. Two scenes from the play.

A LONDON V.C. MAKES HIS BOW.



Sergeant Spackman, V.C., of Fulham, wounded, home from Gallipoli, paid a visit to the Hammersmith Palace. He is here seen bowing from a box to the audience.

P10 A MOTHER.



Mrs. Curtis Moffat, of New York (formerly Miss Iris Tree), who has given birth to a son at Havana, Cuba.

CTOR GIRLS.



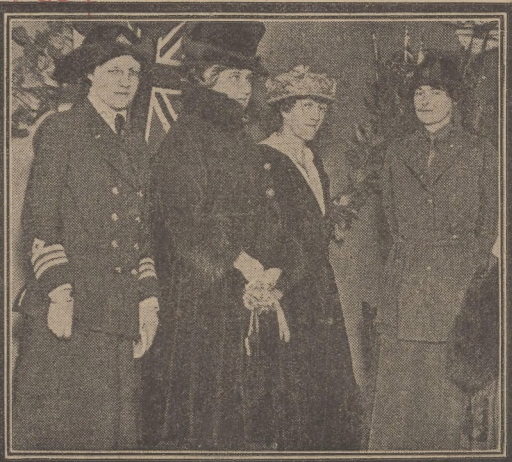
"torettes" are writing. They display pro-... which is surprising in their inexperience.

SHALL WE COME TO THIS IN ENGLAND?



America is "all out" for victory, and the new individual income tax requires all citizens to attend at centres and individually report as to their incomes. Each takes his turn in a queue.

P369 FOUR WOMEN RECRUITERS.



Miss Stevenson (W.R.N.S.), the Hon. Mrs. Lyttelton (Women's Land Army), Mrs. Arthur Croxton (Ministry of Labour) and Mrs. Burleigh Leach (W.A.A.C) at the Women's War Work Exhibition at Harrods.

Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1918

A DEMONSTRATION.

ONE thing at least can be said for the present Anarchy of Russia: it is giving the world a full and free demonstration of certain political and moral theories in action. It is an application to hard life of certain dreams, born out of contact with reality.

This great demonstration of drama is not over. It is beginning. We shall see more and many strange things before the end. But what we have seen already is perhaps, for most people, strange enough.

Before judging, let us remember the story of it.

First stage: a Russia deeply disquieted by the failure of the Russo-Japanese War—a Russia already once or twice on the verge of Revolution against its old detestable Government.

Second stage: This already partially revolutionary Russia, held together only by the figurehead of the semi-religiously-conceived Tsardom, is plunged into another war, for which, again, it is utterly unready.

It finds that no lesson of the earlier war has been learned by its governing class—its nannies and blackguards, run by its Rasputins and its Grand Dukes. It fights, nevertheless, with desperate, ever-memorable valour. It fights on, scarcely armed. Its losses are ruinous, catastrophic. Its wounded die where they fall. It is too much! "Beyond human power!" cry the people. They undergo the "grave psychological catastrophe" which is but the outcome of a preceding military failure.

Russia goes bankrupt.

The Kerensky-Korniloff episode follows, with Kerensky's fatal blunder. Then the Bolsheviks. And everybody is up in arms against the Bolsheviks, whom we dare no longer defend.

But it is absurd to blame the Receiver in Bankruptcy because he does not or cannot pay the Bankrupt's debts.

The situation as the Bolsheviks found it was in this sense hopeless—that their dreams, their theories, such ideals as they had, could expect no military backing. Tolstoi to the rescue! Christianity won the world by passive obedience and resistance—not by fighting the world, but by *not* fighting it. So Tolstoi recommended. We will be like him! We will fight with our ideas, defy men with dreams. And humanity will rise and help us.

The demonstration comes—ideas *seem* to fail and fall before facts. Facts come first—then ideas. And it is odd, an ironical incident, that the Germany of Kant, Fichte, and Schelling, home once of philosophic idealism, should have the mission of convincing Russian idealism that facts are more powerful than ideals.

For now, as we write, even the Bolsheviks are trying to enforce their hopes by calling their followers to arms!

We shall see the next act soon. "Never mock at ideals," says the lady in Ibsen, "they revenge themselves cruelly." Prussia mocks at them, marches upon them, invades them and drives them to despair. And, so far, the ideals, alas, do not "revenge themselves"!

But we and the rest of the world have had the demonstration and may learn by it.

W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

It seemed strange to me when I was told that aqua-vite, which restores life to others, should itself be made of the droppings of dead beer. . . . Despair not, then, O my soul! No extraction is impossible where the chemist is infinite. He that is all in all can produce anything out of anything; and He can make my soul, which by nature is settled on her lees, and dead in sin, to be quickened by the infusion of His grace, and purified into a pious disposition.—Thomas Fuller (1645).



Miss Madge Titheradge, who is returning to "General Post" at the Haymarket on Monday.



Lady Emmott, who has been appointed to the Advisory Council, Ministry of Reconstruction.

THE LAST CHANCE.

Here of the "Pick-and-Shovel" Fight—How To Be Polite Though Strap-Hanging.

To-morrow is London's last chance of an unrationed meal. I do not think that many will take undue advantage—even if the food situation will let them. "It makes one smile," said a lady to me, "to hear people lamenting at being restricted to their one-

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

King and Iroquois Officer.—Lieutenant Lost, of the Canadian Foresters, who was received by the King, is, I am told, only one of several Iroquois Indians who are serving with the Canadians. Three of them have commissions in the Royal Flying Corps.

The Viceine's Way.—Lady Wimborne likes to visit the Dublin hospitals without any ceremony. She has just made a tour of the principal soldiers' hospitals. The Viceine is a great friend of the wounded men.

Underground Gallantry.—Some of the Tube trains are so crowded at the rush-hours that straps are not available for everybody. I saw a super-gallant youth invite a flapper to take his strap to the other night.

Seats in Shelters.—Mr. O'Malley, M.P., writes to me on the subject of the women and

The War in Colour.—Many people went to the Grafton Galleries yesterday thinking that the Imperial Photographs Exhibition had already opened. Which it will not till Monday week. When it does you will see some wonderful photographs—the first in colour ever shown—of the various war fronts.

In Egypt.—For instance, there is a remarkable picture of British troops crossing a sandy plain in Egypt. Then we have an Allied advance amidst the glittering icy Alps. Both of these are full of colour, and give a most interesting insight into the operations.

Irish Food Production.—I am not surprised to hear that Sir Thomas Russell has found it necessary to get additional offices for his rapidly-increasing staff of tillage organisers. A strenuous worker, he has made a great success of the food-production campaign in Ireland. Lady Russell gives valuable help.

Agriculture—Up to Date.—The English farmer is abreast of the times. At a farmhouse I visited recently the farmer was "growing more food" with the aid of a typewriter, a motor-cycle and a fountain pen.

Misheard.—"Capture of Jericho!" cried the man in the corner of the train. "Who captured him—not the Huns?" queried his neighbour. Explanations ensued. "Oh, I'm a bit deaf, and I thought you said 'Jellie-coe,'" said the neighbour, in a relieved tone.

Great Pictures.—Paintings big enough to stretch across the fronts of the Royal Exchange and the National Gallery have afforded an opportunity to Mr. Bert Thomas, the well-known cartoonist. They are to be used in connection with Business Men's Week. I suggested to Mr. Thomas that he might devote himself to miniatures for a while.

Liverpool's Loyalty.—Mr. G. A. Sutton, of the National War Savings Committee, tells me that at first it was intended to send a tank to Liverpool the week after next. It happens to be Business Men's Week, so it was decided, after all, to let Liverpool throw all its energies into making it a bumper one—for the sale of National War Bonds.

An Engagement.—"Box of Tricks" will soon be at the Hippodrome; and one of the last engagements, I hear, is Miss Marion Peake, who is not unacquainted with revue.

Invalided.—Another actor who has done his devoir at the front is Mr. Leslie Howard, who plays the young prig in "The Freak." He tells me he joined up in August, 1914, and later saw service in France as a cavalry subaltern. Being invalided out, he returned to the stage and made his London debut in Sir Arthur Pinero's new play.

New House.—Mr. George Wills, whose name is familiar to tobacco users, has, I learn, bought Langford Court, near Axbridge, where Hannah More and Mrs. Piozzi established the "blue" set before you and I were born.

A Great Player.—Yesterday I happened across Major V. J. Woodward, the famous international "Soccer" player, who intends turning out for Chelsea again. He tells me he has not played since the war, but that he has quite recovered from his wounds.

New Baby.—Her many theatrical friends were not able yesterday to congratulate Mrs. Curtis Moffatt on her baby, as the event took place at Havana. You will remember that the happy mother was Miss Iris Tree.

Canada Fighting.—Those lucky people who got their copies of "Canada in Khaki" (Volume II.) are loud in their praises of the big three-shillings worth of pictures and reading matter. The tardy ones will be pleased to hear that there are still a few copies left on the bookstalls, though they will not be there long.

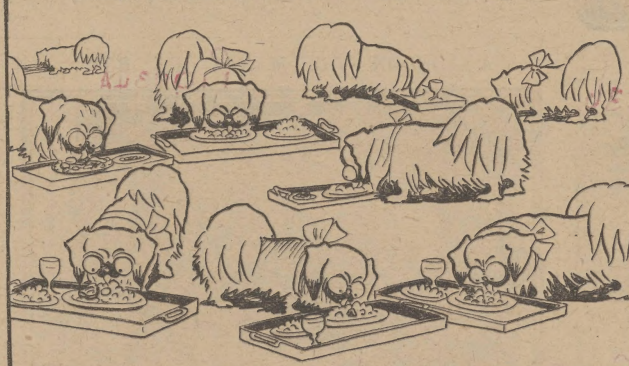
A New Sketch.—Captain E. C. Baker, who was with Lord Kitchener in the Sudan, is yet another soldier who has turned to the pen. His sketch, "A Cashy Job," which is touring around London, was seen by Maharajah Sir Pertab Singh the other night.

"Saint Anthony."—Father Donnelly, a young Irish priest, who was always known as "Saint Anthony" by the poor of his parish in the East End, has, I learn, become an Army chaplain and gone out with his regiment.

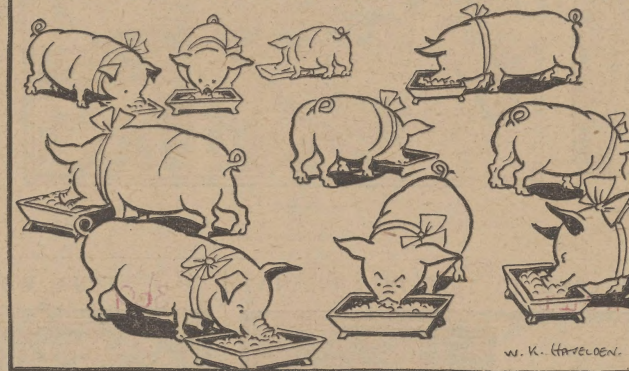
THE RAMBLER.

WHY NOT PIGS INSTEAD OF PEKINESE?

CANNOT THE CRAZE FOR KEEPING WELL-FED PEKES —



— BE CHANGED IN FAVOUR OF PIGS WHICH WOULD EVENTUALLY FEED US? —



The Pekinese has replaced the Pug of some ten years past. Could it not in turn be replaced by the Pig? It would be much more useful, if not exactly more decorative. (By W. K. Haselden.)

and threepence worth a head. My family have not seen a joint for three weeks."

Free Fish.—I think that other landowners might take a hint from the Earl of Plymouth, who has allowed the lakes and ponds on one of his estates to be netted. I am not keen on fresh water fish myself, but in these times any help to our food supply is welcome.

The Labour Brigade.—An outstanding figure among the Welsh Labour leaders who were presented to the Prince of Wales was Major D. Watts Morgan, D.S.O., miners' agent, the hero of the "pick-and-shovel" fight at Cambrai. I am told that after the next election we shall see Major Morgan with "M.P." behind his name.

Mr. Brace Opposed.—I hear that Mr. Brace, the Labour man in the Home Office, can look forward to a strenuous fight at the general election. His last majority of 3,000 votes has not frightened Mr. George Barker, another miners' leader, whose friends have determined to oust Mr. Brace.

children who shelter in the Tubes during raids. He wants to see seats provided for them. "Seats could be placed along the passages and even on the platforms, without much, if any, inconvenience to the passengers," he says.

Welsh History.—All my Welsh readers will be interested when I tell them that Lord Treowen is editing a history of Wales' part in the war. He has the help of a staff of military experts and writers.

Guaranteed.—Another eminent Welshman has guaranteed £10,000 towards the expenses of the work, and the profits are to go to a Welsh national war memorial.

Judge Bowen.—A legal friend tells me that Mr. Ivor Bowen, K.C., has made the usual sacrifice of those who change the Bar for the Bench. He was one of the most hard-worked counsel in South Wales, but gave up the comfortable income attached to that position for the usual £1,500 of a County Court Judge.

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THE SECRET LIFE

By JOHN CARDINAL

NEW READERS BEGIN HERE.

NORA WYNNE, in order to save her father and family from ruin, consents to allow GEORGE SHEFFIELD to make love to her, though she has recently refused to marry him, having already secretly become the wife of TONY HERRICK, a discharged soldier and a clerk in Sheffield's office. Sheffield invites her to a theatre and she accepts, though the suggestion is distasteful. As the car stops outside the theatre, Nora sees, through the windows, the face of her husband at the very head of the queue waiting outside the pit doors.

A WAY OF ESCAPE.

NORA WYNNE had but a moment to decide what to do. It seemed to her afterwards that it was the longest moment of her life. She could have no doubt that it was Tony just outside there, and if she had leaned but a little forward from her shrinking position Tony must see her, must catch a glimpse of her, even though the chauffeur still—how thankful Nora was for that!—blocked the door opening, stolidly wondering what was happening.

George Sheffield wondered, too, and looked curiously at the shadowed face of his companion. "What's the matter, Miss Wynne?" he repeated, and then, with anxiety in his voice, "Aren't you well?"

"Quite well, of course," Nora answered unsteadily. She forced a laugh. "It's—it's only that . . . I don't know what you'll think of me, Mr. Sheffield . . . but I'd much rather see something else, if you don't mind. I didn't know you intended taking me to the Pharos—you've only this minute told me, you remember. Mother and I came here the other day to a matinee, and I shouldn't care to see the show again just yet."

"Oh, is that all?" George Sheffield was really relieved. For a minute he had been afraid that Nora must be ill. "Where would you like to go? I can assure you I'm not trying to be polite—that they're all the same to me. The show they've the nerve to put on the theatres nowadays doesn't quite appeal to me. If you've seen the show, of course, you shan't be bored with it again; I only wish I'd known before. Now where shall it be? Anywhere you like . . . now take your time and think about it!"

"It's too good of you, when you've got a box and all, I ought not to—" Nora began.

"That's absurd," he interrupted her decisively with a rich man's contempt for such trifles. "I wouldn't think of taking you into the Pharos now. Thank goodness, the price of a box more or less won't break me."

He made a gesture towards the waiting chauffeur. "Here, Brant, get an evening paper—we'll run through the list and see exactly what's on." "No, please . . ." Nora restrained him sharply. "Not for anything, Mr. Brant, away from the window, and the car wait there while he fetched a paper. A second, and she jerked out hurriedly, "I should like to go to the Gloria, if I may, Mr. Sheffield. I've heard it's a splendid show."

"The Gloria, Brant and hurry!" Sheffield turned apologetically to her. "You won't blame me if we miss a slice of the first act, will you? They start a quarter of an hour earlier at the Gloria, I believe."

"Not at all," said Nora, mechanically. "It's very good of you to let me give you all this trouble, to let me have my way."

Her companion's forehead wrinkled in surprise. Nora's voice was so pathetically grateful and tremulous. Funny creatures, women . . . bless if he could understand them, he thought. Not that he wanted to very much, if they were pretty, like Nora Wynne, though precious few of them were, by Jove, he reflected complacently. She came out on top of the whole lot of them in that respect. He squared his broad shoulders as Nora relaxed her strained position, and her tortured nerves ceased to jangle as the car slid smoothly away at last.

It was with difficulty that she restrained herself from leaning forward and looking out past Sheffield's big form; with difficulty that Nora kept herself from voicing the cry that was in her heart . . . the cry that would have been so short and so appealing—the cry that would have been Tony's name.

The irregular line of dim white faces slipped by her vision like a fast-running river. Nora glimpsed Tony's face once again, experiencing a new stab of agony that was more cruel than before, for she realised that she had appointed him had been when she had given him the news that it was impossible for her to go out with him that evening. "A jolly shame having to kick his heels by himself on their wedding day." It had been something like that, he had said, but he hadn't grumbled, making light of things so that she shouldn't feel hurt. Evidently not knowing what to do with himself he had come into town at a loose end.

Nora made an unsuccessful effort to count every dim lamp as the swift car passed . . . somehow she must get her thoughts away from Tony, she felt, or she would go mad . . . and with every blurred light she seemed to see her to become more and more like a prison.

Nora began wildly to imagine utterly fanciful ways of somehow getting away from George Sheffield, of rushing to the Pharos and pushing by the people and suddenly appearing at Tony's side. How Tony's face would suddenly light up, as he would welcome her with that happy, boyish vision of his.

It was terribly hard to crush the delicious dream—it was like tearing a flower into pieces. But Nora forced herself to the task, and sat up determinedly with a little shrug of self contempt. It was the frightful mockery of it all that hurt. It was the end of their wedded days and Tony's. It didn't seem possible that it could be true! "You're very silent, Miss Wynne," George Sheffield said casually.

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

She rallied herself with an effort. She felt she ought to be bright, to say something, but no words would come. George Sheffield saved her the trouble.

"And, very serious, too," he continued, glancing at her shadowed face. "I don't like that."

The man floundered a little, vaguely puzzled. It wasn't that Sheffield was unused to the company of women.

These last ten years he had been getting richer and richer, and more than one woman had tried to marry him for his money—but he wasn't used to girls of Nora's type.

"That is, I mean I'm sorry you're so serious," He felt a little uncomfortable. "Because, you see, I want this to be your evening, and I've a sort of an idea you aren't enjoying yourself. And I do want you to live every minute of the few hours you'll be with me."

"I am enjoying myself—really," Nora managed to say. "I was just thinking of something, that's all."

"UNDER FALSE PRETENCES."

FORTUNATELY just then the car stopped and Nora hailed the interruption as a relief. She got up quickly, Sheffield jumping down and helping her to alight. The Gloria's a winner," he said loudly. "Come along."

He hustled into the bright vestibule, big and confident, like a man who was enjoying himself tremendously, his embarrassment of the last few minutes already forgotten.

The theatre people were wonderfully attentive to him. Already there seemed several attendants hurrying to place him in every way, only too eager to pay tribute to her companion's importance.

Standing a little aside, Nora noticed this with an odd sense of detachment. Then a natural contrition attacked her. She really must play her part better than this whatever her own feelings might be. It would be a shame if she were to make George Sheffield feel, when it was over, that he had spent a dull evening. She resolved to forget all her troubling office.

Sheffield turned from the box office. He flourished the tickets as he came up to her. "Now we're right, then . . . everything fixed at last. And we've only missed twenty minutes of the show, the fellow tells me. Shall I go first—"

"I know the way!" Nora followed him on what seemed an interminable soft-carpeted journey. A girl opened the door of the box. Nora first disliked and then swiftly pitied her for being so markedly deferential to her companion—just as all the others had been.

"Better now!" Sheffield inquired solicitously as the door shut, with a sudden return of the idea that Nora really couldn't be quite the thing for him.

"Yes, thank you," Nora smiled. "Perhaps I must be a bit out of sorts, I think . . . I was worried." She saw his question coming, and was on her guard to avoid it.

"Oh, it's nothing, but you will make allowances for me, won't you, Mr. Sheffield?" she pleaded earnestly. "You've been so kind, I should be ungrateful."

Sheffield turned from her, and she was fully occupied on spoiling your evening."

George Sheffield pushed forward a chair for her before he spoke. Before seating himself he bent towards her with awkward gallantry.

"You need have no fears on that score, Miss Wynne. I shall always be happy when you are near. Comfortable—that's good. I'm right enough . . . with the prettiest woman in London for company! By the way, my children."

"But I wouldn't change places to-night with the King himself!"

The last call had been taken, the last cheers ended, and for the last time the curtain came down. With a feeling of regret that the play was over, Nora turned away from watching the bustle below, as the crowds in the theatre moved slowly from their places for the journey home.

"There's my hurry," Sheffield remarked behind her. "We're not dependent upon taxicabs, thank goodness! Enjoyed yourself, Miss Wynne?" Nora nodded.

"Yes, thank you," she said. After all his trouble and attention, the words seemed bald and inadequate. She was afraid he would be disappointed. "Very much," she added, reaching for her wrap, and at the addition Sheffield was obviously pleased. He fumbled in his pocket and looked embarrassed. "Now wonder why. She had spoken more truthfully this time. The second part of the evening had been much easier for her. She had forced herself to seem interested in her companion; to be fair to him."

She had tried to look upon herself as being an actress for the occasion—like the girls on the stage were her eyes; and the woman's whim had helped her through the hours wonderfully—had helped her to forget a little. But now that the play was over her powers of pretence began to desert her.

All the circumstances of her being there that evening rushed back and brought with them a horrible sense of guilt.

"Oh, Mr. Sheffield!" she began, suddenly. She moved impulsively towards the back of the box where he was waiting, and she said, "It's too good of you . . . you don't understand! I really oughtn't to have come with you to-night at all. It's—I'm here—under false pretences. I want you to know that."

"It's very good of you to say that," he said. "I really oughtn't to have come with you to-night at all. It's—I'm here—under false pretences. I want you to know that."

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)



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BEECHAM OPERA CO. Drury Lane. Five weeks season. Sat. Mat., March 2, musical entertainment, with Arthur Playfair. Ergs., 8.15. Mats., Mon., Fri., Sat., 8.15.

CRITTERIES—"The Celebrated Farcos." To-day, at 2.30 and 8.30. Mats., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

DALYS—Daily, at 2. The Maid of the Mountains. Evening performances resumed Friday next at 8.

DUKE OF YORKS—Evenings, 8.30. Mats., Wed., Thurs. and Sat., at 2.30. The 13th Chair. Tel. Ger. 314.

GAIETY—"Last of the Seven Years." To-day, at 2.30. Evening, Wed., Thurs. and Sat., at 8.30.

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KINGSWAY—"The Champion." To-day, at 2.30. Evening, Wed., Thurs. and Sat., at 8.30.

LYCEUM—"Seven Days' Leave." To-day, at 2.30. Evening, Wed., Thurs. and Sat., at 8.30.

MAYMARKET—"General Post." Daily, at 2.30. Matinees only.

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"DIG, DIG, DIG!"

BY MR. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, APPEARS IN THE "SUNDAY PICTORIAL" TO-MORROW

U.S. AIR HERO.



Major Raoul Lufbery, the "star" of the American airmen, wearing the American uniform for the first time.— (Exclusive to *The Daily Mirror*.)

SERBIA'S JOAN OF ARC.



A statuette is being made by Miss Nell Foy of Sergeant-Major Flora Sandes, who is fighting in the ranks of the Serbian Army. It will be exhibited at the Imperial War Museum.

Daily Mirror

VICTIMS OF "KULTUR."



Capt. A. D. Vidal, R.A.M.C., who was placed with five English medical officers in one third-class compartment. During the five days' journey they had one loaf of bread between them and one meal of soup.



Maj. C. B. Vandeleur, Scottish Rifles, who travelled from Douai to Crefeld in a "foul wagon, with practically no ventilation, for thirty hours, with no food, and exposed to Hun insults all the time."



Capt. Roath, R.A.M.C., travelled from Mons to Torgau, a three days' journey. He and his companions were given no food on the journey for two days with the exception of two or three chunks of bread.



Lieut.-Col. Nash, Gordon Highlanders, had his cap and silver badge stolen when his back was turned. He saw the orderly of a German officer strike a British officer with the butt end of his lance.

WAR HEROES WHO HAVE BEEN DECORATED FOR BRAVERY.



Lieut.-Com. Salisbury Hamilton Simpson, D.S.O., R.N., of H.M.S. *Argyll*, who has been awarded by the King a bar to the Distinguished Service Order for gallant services.



Wing-Com. Frederick William Bowhill, R.N., has been awarded the D.S.O. He has instilled a high sense of discipline into those under his orders.



Lieut. Cedric Naylor, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N. This intrepid naval officer has been awarded a second bar to the Distinguished Service Order for gallantry.



Flight Com. Guy William Price, R.N.A.S., who has been awarded the D.S.O. in recognition of his gallantry and determination in leading offensive patrols against enemy aircraft.

ANZACS READY FOR THE FRAY.



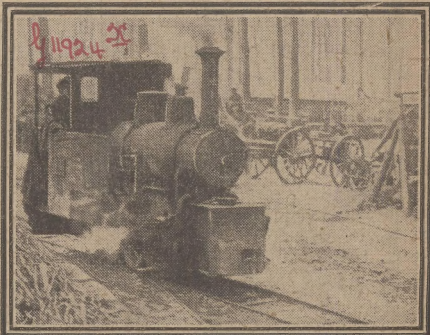
Australian troops marching into the reserve area before going into the front lines.—(Australian official.)

MARINE ARTILLERY AT WORK ON THE PIAVE FRONT.



A striking photograph representing a group of artillery of the Royal Italian Marine operating in the shallows of the Piave.—(Italian official photograph, exclusive to *The Daily Mirror*.)

ENGINE'S VALUABLE SERVICES.



A light railway goods yard behind the Canadian lines and an engine which did valuable service in getting up supplies to Vimy Ridge.—(Canadian official.)